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THE STATESMANSHIP OF ITO.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

IN Ito's native city of Hagi, province of Choshiu, in southwestern Japan, stand four bronze statues of local dignitaries prominent in political movements during the sixties of the last century. In mediæval costume, with baton, blade, pen, cap and hand-tablet of old-time fashion, these effigies typify old Japan of feudal days. Then the only idea of a clansman was for his clan (one of nearly three hundred), not for his country, which, except as aliens might menace it, was an abstraction. The sword was the standard of society and subordination.

Yet Ito, who in later life and in death received honors greater than those due to imperial princes, is not in this group. He was not born in the purple. His parentage is obscure, and in old Japan personality was weak. The retainer known as Hayashi Uichi, when he attracted notice, in Kyoto in 1867, was called Ito Shunski (Lover of Wisdom). Extricating himself wholly from the impersonal communalism of the clan, he became an independent personality, Ito Hirobumi (Ito the Widely Read).

Sixty years ago, this Hayashi was following methods that are still popular in Korea. His conversion to peaceful and patient procedure is as wonderful, possibly, as that of Saul of Tarsus. The adult life of Ito Hirobumi was under a hair-hung sword that never fell. Of the thousand bullets loaded for his heart, the one which found its billet was not Japanese, Chinese or Russian. It sped from the native of a country whose real unity will date from Ito's work of regeneration.

As for Japan, Ito found it a hermit, with uncertain boundaries and known to the world as a curiosity. He left it honored in the arena of nations. Who was he? By what right is his name enrolled with such moderns as William the Silent, Cromwell,

Alexander Hamilton, Lincoln, Cavour, Bismarck and Gladstone? In what cosmos of ideas was he born? What were his inheritances, inspirations, tasks, obstacles and goal? Amid the sprouting mythology which threatens to bury the real character, it is well to ask these questions. The writer, who knew Ito as a young man, besides such makers of New Japan as Echizen Shungaku, Sanjo, Iwakura, Okubo, and Kido, daimios, princes and statesmen of '68, and many more of "the fifty-five creators," cannot for one moment believe the contemporary notion that Ito was the chief man of initiative. In reality, Ito did at first but carry out the ideas of others. He was a splendid opportunist, yet, after so long service, he ranks in death among those greatest in the creative statesmanship of Japan.

From the first he consecrated himself to two overmastering ideals—Emperor and Country. To exalt the Imperial House, the depository of all Japan's history and noblest traditions, and to make the empire great among the nations, he scorned delights and lived laborious days. These give the key to his career. He found Japan feudal and fractional. A national unit, he knew, meant ability to match the world's statecraft.

Ito's statesmanship in foreign affairs is known to all, but his real tasks were within, and his permanent fame will rest upon what he achieved at home. Having known him nearly forty years, living in a daimio's castle in 1871, seeing both the life and the death of feudalism, witnessing in the capital his labors at their beginning, and having learned from his own lips or writings his mind, I propose to interpret his policy and life's aim.

The Japanese were a great people before the Westerners appeared, and Japan's greatest changes have been within. The culture most potent to-day with the Mikado's fifty-one million subjects is her own. Perry created none of the internal machinery that has made the new empire. The American in 1853 did but touch with timeliness the electric button that raised the curtain and sent thrills of motion into a great chamber of preparation. Without that interior propædæutic, there would have been no national awakening. The renascence of Japan began a century and a half before the Stars and Stripes were mirrored in Yedo Bay. Japanese soil, in the quarrel with Russia, was red with stains of blood a hundred years before Kuroki and Kuropatkin met in battle. China's claim of world sovereignty,

the chief obstacle to Japan's emancipation and blown to pieces in 1905, had been resisted by Japan in arms, on land and sea, A.D. 1281. More than Europe or America, have the two great rivals for the control of Eastern Asia, China and Russia, ever furnished Japan with ready-made and still-postponed problems.

All this is patent in the native literature created during the long peace from 1614 to 1868. The men destined to uprear the modern empire were born with a new mind. The mental outlook of foreseeing men in Japan, in the year of Fillmore's presidency, was as different as that of the seventeenth-century Japanese, as was Commodore Perry's from Henry Hudson's. All that was necessary by 1852, when, on November 3rd, Mutsuhito, now veteran Emperor, was born, was opportunity and this Millard Fillmore gave them, for then we Americans had both a navy and a mercantile marine.

The Japanese in 1853 formed no real nation, but were three or four different bodies of people living in what to them was the centre of the universe, the only earthly home of the gods. Nine-tenths of the thirty millions were in feudal serfdom under the sword, the merchants had no social standing, and one million wretches, called either *eta*, or *hinin* (not human), were social outcasts. Only the *samurai*, or pensioned retainers who paid no taxes or tolls and carried two swords, the symbols and instruments of their power, were free. The two nations were widely separated by age-old custom and sternest law. The four classes, in sixteen sub-divisions, were kept apart by barriers which it might be death to cross suddenly, and herein lies the puzzle to Americans who have not a perspective of Japanese history. With Japanese of one thousand, or of only forty years of culture behind them, there is a difference.

Into such a world Ito was born, and by his own account, in 1840. Boyhood was normal, and in nourishment and environment not different from that of the average lad in the lowest of the many-graded *samurai* class in the feudal Japan. In his political sky, sun and moon were Mikado and Shogun, the one to be loved and the other to be hated. Kyoto was the City of the Throne, Yedo the City of the Camp. In Choshu, the one hope and dream was to overthrow the Yedo usurpation, restore the Mikado to ancient power and, incidentally, to make theirs supreme among the clans. To welcome or to fight the foreigners

was only a subordinate detail. The goal was a united Japan able to face the world.

The bully in Jerusalem who became the untiring saint had two teachers, Gamaliel and Stephen, one for years and one for minutes, but the latter was the greater. So after Ito had instructors in the ordinary old school curriculum based on the Chinese—no mean discipline to those who know it—he had a new master, then a prisoner and on the road to martyrdom, Yoshida Shoin, who was himself a pupil of Sakuma, master of Dutch, the higher criticism of Chinese and Japanese history and the Oyomei philosophy. Thus Ito came to his own by a true succession that resembled somewhat our device of churchly power called apostolic. The Oyomei philosophy identifies knowledge with action, and was the deadly enemy of Yedo official orthodoxy, with its bloody inquisition. Sakuma had told Yoshida to get on Perry's ship and see America. We all know the sequel, which Perry, had he been told it, would have found incredible. Yoshida rejected, seized and sent in a cage to Choshu, was, by order from Yedo, kept in domiciliary confinement. He promptly turned his prison house into a school. His first pupil was Kido. His janitor, who helped him in his menial work, was Ito, the boy then sixteen years old. Kido, older and of higher rank, was also the master mind. He first opened the door of opportunity to Ito, and helped the boy of lower social rank to opportunity and fame. In later years, as we know and by Ito's own glad confession, Ito carried out Kido's ideas.

That school, called the "Gate of the Pine," had the potency of a university. It consisted of two rooms, the one of eight and the other of six mats, respectively twelve and nine square feet in area. The fireplace was in the middle of the floor, and around this at night the boys gathered, asking questions occasionally and listening long. The talks of the teacher often lasted until far into the morning hours. The topics were not those on the curriculum of the other schools, nor did they concern ancient China and verse-making. They dealt with Japan's present and future. The school began in August, 1856, and closed in January, 1859, when the master was carried in a cage to Yedo. On a wild and desolate spot of ground, Yoshida was executed at ten o'clock in the forenoon of October 10th, 1859, in his thirtieth year. When he was a prince of the empire and Japan

one of the World Powers, Ito wrote, "Many of the pillars of State to-day are men tutored at the Gate of the Pine." Earlier, even, as soon as Yedo had become Tokyo, the Imperial Capital, a noble shrine was built in a fair garden, rich with the pine trees significant of memory, and the cherry blossoms which spoke the language of fruition, both adorning in eloquent symbolism a graceful memorial. To-day one may visit easily "the grave of Yoshida Shoin; the cradle of New Japan."

Under Yoshida's teaching, Ito's world was re-created. Yet he was still a youth, with only the ideas of his time and the potencies of his environment. His master passion was patriotism, of the old Bushido sort, whose murderous and shadowy side is little known in these peaceful and Christian days. Bushido's iridescent glories are as those of the black tar, whose products of decay float on the water of a new stream and become rainbow streaks. Bushido, as written by men who have lived since it died, is, as Sir Walter Scott's picture of European feudalism, a transfiguration, the brutality, lust, pestilences, moral and physical, of both being sunk in the ooze of time.

His teacher Yoshida's head having fallen under the sword, because of alleged plots against Yedo, Ito, breathing out threatening and slaughter, goes forth to kill and burn. In Yedo he would fire the legations, in Kyoto he would slaughter the Shogun. The hated Tycoon had degraded Japan by making (the Townsend Harris) treaties, ignoring the Emperor and insulting his divine imperial ancestry. The Premier Ii (finally assassinated in 1861, vindicated in literature and honored with a splendid statue at Yokohama in 1909) had bartered Japan's sovereignty, planted the hated foreigners' tribunals on the holy soil.

When come to power, Ito crossed many oceans and spent nearly thirty years of tireless toil to get extra-territoriality abolished, win back Japan's full sovereignty and secure the equality of his country before the world. No wonder that the Mikado grieves for his most fatherly adviser and his most loyal subject, and that a nation mourns its second founder.

Clear as flawless crystal was Ito's motive when, with sword and torch, he hoped to embroil the feudal head of Japan with the treaty Powers, hoping to bring on bombardment, yes, invasion, if necessary; for in the confusion he hoped to see the Yedo

usurpation fall and the imperial power rise in a united Japan. Then would China's world-sovereignty (the Holy Roman Empire notion in Asia) and Japan's reputed vassalage end, Russia be checked, and honorable treaties with the Western nations be made on equal terms. Was this a roundabout way to constitutional imperialism? It was the only path visible to the stripling of twenty.

Suddenly the swordsman Ito left his clan and disappeared to preach the gospel he once destroyed. Never again was sword or torch carried. Brave as a lion, flinching from no menace, he became henceforth in habit of mind the apostle of peace. For forty-six years most of Ito's battles have been against Japan's hereditary militarism.

Evading the spies, entering Yokohama, cutting off his topknot and buying a sailor's cast-off suit and brogans, Ito and Inouye, hiding by day, and, at the last moment, when their English friend hesitated, threatening to commit hara-kiri, secured passage on a British ship to Shanghai. They had eight thousand dollars, in gold and English drafts, belonging to the Choshu clan (given them in charge some time before for the purchase of rifles) and two books—a wretched little Japanese-English dictionary and a history by Rai Sanyo (whose name is incised on the granite of Boston's Public Library). By a mistake, because they had used the one English word they knew, "navigation," they were put with the sailors and before the mast. During four months at sea, without stopping at a single port, they swabbed, bunked, hauled ropes and ate hardtack and salt pork. Yet these four months in a sailing-ship were an education. In London, Inouye put down a gold sovereign for a loaf of bread—and received no change. "This was their welcome home"—into the Western World of greed and glory.

Nevertheless Ito believed. Amid countless proofs that the Anglo-Saxon had the powers of the world to come, he resolved to lead Japan into it. He dedicated himself to the one work of screening the evolution of the modern man.

Before he could read the London "Times," his English friends told him of the news from Choshu. His clan had raised the flag inscribed "In Obedience to the Order" (*i.e.*, from the Mikado, as alleged, to expel foreigners from Japan), and "With Pure Heart" (to obey it). Sixty cannon bristled on Shimoneseki

heights, and our own Captain McDougall, in the "Wyoming," the Dutch Admiral Cassembroot and the French Admiral Joures, trying the mettle of the Choshu gunners, were somewhat astonished to find eight-inch shot and shell flying round them. The next year, four Powers—England, France, Netherlands and the United States—assembled an allied fleet of seventeen ships, with 208 guns and nearly 8,000 men, to chastise Choshu. In this they were egged on by the Yedo Government.

To Ito and Inoue in London this was magnificent, but it was not war. It seemed madness. Making the swiftest passage to Japan possible, the two Japanese lads arrived at Yokohama. The reputed "Mr. G. Bonnar, from Lisbon," in faultless London clothes, deceived his own countrymen, but the keen eyes of the Yankee missionary, S. R. Brown, detected the truth, though he kept quiet. The British gave him free passage and ten days grace, but at home Ito pleaded and preached in vain. The clansmen opened fire on the fleet only to see their batteries crumble and their cannon carried off as trophies. Then, swearing by all the gods of heaven and earth to learn the secrets of the aliens' power, some of them took on Ito's mind, resolved to bury clan feuds and unite all Japan for equality with the world. The others went after Ito's body to make it a corpse. They were foiled by the woman now a prince's widow. Thirty years later Ito met Li Hung Chang at this same city of Shimono-seki, when China on her knees begged for peace.

Thus escaping assassination, attempted by the infuriated and beaten men of new experience but of old minds, the man who had hitherto been known as Hayashi Uichi, but who in 1868 was summoned to Kyoto under the name of Ito Shunski, spent his time during the four years until the *coup d'état* of 1868, in trying to establish a school in his native province and more or less in the clan councils. He met numerous Americans and Englishmen, but excitement was too great to begin education. He came into contact with Baron Echizen, with Sanjo and Iwakura, the court nobles who afterwards became prime ministers, but he was not yet of sufficient age or rank to have much to do in great action or high council, and during the days of the decisive moves which late in 1867 put the palace and the Emperor into the hands of the men who made the new Government and even during the famous battle of Fushimi, Ito was in his

own province. Quickly coming back, he was given a minor position in the Bureau (it was not yet a Department) of Foreign Affairs. He acted as interpreter when the British and American ministers, despite the murderous attack of fanatics with reddened swords and piled corpses, looked upon the face of the Mikado. Henceforth Ito was near if not at the centre of things, and in time, being close to the Mikado, could touch the springs of power. Whatever variety of opinions there may be concerning the actual abilities and real personality of the Emperor of Japan, he is a profound student and an almost unerring judge of men. In reposing from the first a never-shaken confidence in the man henceforward known as Ito he made no mistake.

It was Okubo, a man of the highest abilities, who had the Mikado changed from a god to a man and come into the public gaze. It was Okubo who secured the removal of the capital to Yedo. Henceforth Ito was a greater man for knowing Okubo. His mind was richly stimulated and fertilized by this his new-found friend and fellow worker. If, in 1878, Ito, riding at the state funeral of Okubo, struck down by assassins, smoked a cigarette to steady his nerves, who could blame him? It was after Okubo's decease, Kido having also passed away, and not until then, that Ito became Japan's greatest man.

Noblest of all the moral reforms, equalizing if not excelling the master stroke of Lincoln in emancipating black slaves, since there was no military necessity in it, was the imperial edict of October, 1871, lifting up to citizenship the one million outcasts. This was the work of Yokoi, assassinated in Kyoto in 1869, for proposing this measure and also liberty of conscience.

The new Government, composed of young men, found itself without army, navy or revenue and lacked nearly all the equipment of a modern government; but they had the Divine Emperor, and hence the potencies of the future. Following out the two master principles to which his life was consecrated, Ito with his colleagues proceeded to switch off two hundred and eighty subordinate loyalties into one current of overpowering force: in a word, to abolish feudalism. Okubo led the way, persuading his Satsuma lord to hand over his fief and hereditary power to the Emperor. Choshu, Hizen, Tosa and Echizen and others quickly followed. After such an example, what smaller or hostile barons could refuse to follow? On October 1st, 1871, I saw in

the castle of Fukui, Echizen, the gathering of three thousand knights as their feudal lord bade them farewell. Hundreds of similar scenes followed. Nearly three hundred castle lords came to Tokyo to be private gentlemen, and 400,000 heads of families had now but one loyalty—the Emperor. Patriotism became a new word and idea.

A political miracle without bloodshed it was, indeed; yet I heard the premier Iwakura in Tokyo say, “We had expected to shed blood and were prepared to do it.” Soon, like claps of thunder, followed the logical results, astounding those who could not see as the leaders saw: commutation for a term of years, then abolition of hereditary incomes, all the gentry being obliged to earn their own living; the abolition of the custom of wearing swords; the uplifting of the merchant to social standing; the opening of the army, navy, courts and schools to all classes of society.

The enterprises of railways, telegraphs, lighthouses, coinage and public schools were now rushed through. It nearly took my breath away when I saw four merchants, shopkeepers or traders, instead of grovelling on the ground on all-fours with head in the dust and breath drawn in, standing and giving an address to the Emperor and receiving one from him. For some months they kept up the mystery play of the living god, and sprinkled and fumigated the Emperor when he met the foreign envoys or Mr. Seward and other private persons of renown; but by and by they put the Emperor in clothes like other men and he became winsomely human. It was both fun and honor to us, men and women in Tokyo, when he bowed to us at short range from his carriage and invited us pioneer educators to an audience in his palace. Surely none can doubt the sweetly human character of Mutsuhito.

Japan's first necessity was to be rich. The development of her resources might wait a little while, but honest money for standard and currency was imperative. A thousand forms of local paper money in the clans and metallic issues from Yedo, of all weights, shapes, sizes and diameters, must go to the furnace and crucible. Milled coins, hypothecating numbered and registered treasury and bank-notes would bring simplicity, order and prosperity. Where, but to a country using the decimal system, should Ito go? He reached Washington, studied our treas-

ury, mint and financial methods. He became not only a believer in the gold standard, but even more a Hamiltonian. He read the Constitution of the United States and found the "Federalist" more interesting than a novel. Returning to Japan, a mint was established at Osaka.

Now came the carrying out of the proposal, made first by Dr. Verbeck, of an embassy round the world, to study Western civilization, of course, but with the main purpose of securing sovereignty for Japan and the abolition of the foreign consular court. Mr. De Long warned them as to the defective nature of their credentials; but, roughly speaking, the only foreigner that these young optimists believed in at that time was Guido F. Verbeck the American, though they trusted Sir Harry Parkes in some things. Because France had virtually interfered in their politics, favoring the losing party, they were long suspicious of her motives in diplomacy, nor were surprised in 1895 and 1905. Toward Germany, with all respect for the learning of her sons, they have never felt overwarmly.

The embassy went round the world, but no Government would revise the treaties, while law codes and prison systems were still pagan and the persecution of Christians was permitted. In Washington the premier's eyes were opened wide. The strength of the central government, in a republic, astonished him. At that time Japan needed, as she will long need, to hold and keep at the centre all of power she can. After some chilling receptions in Europe, telegrams were sent home ordering down and out all the anti-Christian edicts so long hung in public places. Ito learned that the Christianity of to-day is not that of the Inquisition and but slightly involved in international politics. In Ito's mind religion had little or no place, except as a matter of political expediency. His own liberty and that granted to others in this realm of thought and life was the liberty of indifference. In later years he came to see the profound value, both to the individual and to the commonwealth, of this deepest part of man's nature, and that human beings, being "incurably religious," must be treated with this fundamental fact ever in view.

Yet Ito had also the saving sense of humor. There was in him not a little of the vein that enabled Lincoln to bear his awful burdens. He loved fun and chaffing. On the night of

October 16th, 1909, when leaving for Harbin and death, he was in his merriest mood, poking fun at Count Okuma to the limit. In Europe in 1872 the grotesque incongruousness of the situation struck him and made him laugh very hard inwardly, though he preserved his face before his elders. Here was Japan professing all sorts of liberal sentiments, almost in the spread-eagle vein, and yet persecuting and imprisoning people of the same religion with those for whom they hoped to gain recognition as equals. I myself remember how strange it seemed, with such liberality of mind professed in Tokyo, that I should find in my path over the mountains about seventy people, from gray-haired men and women down to nurselings, in blood-red criminal clothes and roped together like coffles of slaves taken to distant exile and prison.

The embassy's return in 1873 was awaited with feverish impatience. Korea had grossly and violently insulted Japan by sending letters taunting the Island Kingdom for adopting Western ideas. China was behind Korea, for on January 1st, 1872, Japan had adopted the calendar of Europe, which in Chinese ideas meant Japan's absolute independence of the Middle Kingdom's rule and culture, since the acceptance of a calendar was construed in China to mean vassalage. Great Saigo, "the Sword of the Revolution" of 1868, led a party demanding the invasion and occupation of Korea and its annexation to Japan. Even to-day some Japanese think Saigo a far-seeing prophet, claiming that his policy, if carried out, would have saved the two wars with China and Russia. I think them totally mistaken. At any rate, there was held the first of many significant debates in presence of the Mikado and before the Throne. The gist of Okubo's and Ito's arguments was this: the imperative need of Japan was internal development and reconstruction. To invade Korea at that time would be to play into the hands of Russia.

The Korean war party was beaten. But the sequels, with close logical connection, were the various insurrections of the disarmed and impoverished gentry, and the great rebellion of 1877 in the southwestern provinces which cost over twenty thousand lives and possibly a hundred million dollars. Yet the costly sacrifice was not in vain. It was proved that an army made of all classes could fight knights. No more eloquent proof of valor and ability could be imagined than the nicked and bent bayonets of the re-

turning soldiers, whose weapons had crossed the two-handed sword blades of the samurai in hand-to-hand conflict. The victory was won. It was like a title of nobility given to a peasant boy to call him into the service of his Emperor, and in 1903 I, with all who knew, predicted the certain success of the Japanese, because an army of knights, graduates of the public school, was to go forth and fight a host of Russian *mujiks*.

From the death of Okubo, Ito, now Japan's first great man, carried on his work in amplitude of resource and with the full confidence of his Emperor, on the principle that the Mikado, and not any legislative assembly, was the centre of power. In the nature of the case, parties could not yet form on the basis of fixed policy or principles, for the passionate instincts of clan-ship still dominated, and political knowledge was as yet not widely diffused. Under Ito's initiative, however, there were formed local assemblies in each prefect for the education of men who should in time serve in the national Diet. A new order of nobility was formed, in which both the old court nobles, the territorial nobility and the new men of talent found their graded place. Then a Senate or council of wise councillors was created, a supreme court formed, and with the removal of several intermediary courses in the political structure, something like a modern Cabinet, with Ito as Minister President of State, took the place of the older forms in the interest of simplicity and strength.

A perfect snow-storm of petitions was now poured upon the Government, asking that the Oath of 1868, to form a representative assembly, should be fulfilled and an Imperial Parliament assembled. These were critical years and the freedom of the press was not only greatly restricted, but certain repressive measures were resorted to, in the interest of what seemed to be too severe a centralization of power. However one may admire Ito's abilities, no judicial person can justify the issue of the Peace Regulations, so called, which sent a good many upright and loyal patriots to prison—unless one is ready to argue that results always justify means. However, the promise of 1882 that a constitution would be promulgated in 1889 was duly fulfilled. Ito went to Europe, studied especially in Germany, came particularly under the influence of Dr. Kneist in Berlin, and of Mr. Stein in Vienna, and imbibed thoroughly the very congenial doctrine that all authority resides in the Emperor and the Constitution

is the gift of his unmerited grace. Ito gave comparatively slight heed to the system of the Anglo-Saxon peoples in which the ministers are responsible to the national legislature. As a matter of fact, most of the great leaders on the side which favor the English system were trained under the influence of American missionaries.

The Constitution, however, was duly proclaimed at the promised time, and in its workings Ito was both servant and master. Four times he served as premier, knowing well when to resign and retreat, as well as the right moment for advance and firmness. His master stroke was in uniting several parties or groups into an organization called the Seiyu Kai, or Friends of the Constitution, which, whatever its virtues or failings, has certainly been potent in training legislators to act according to principles, and not to follow personal instincts.

In foreign diplomacy Ito never shirked meeting face to face the great men of other nations, for he believed that wars could be averted by the responsible principals meeting as gentlemen in conversation. When China violated the Li-Ito agreement of 1885 and, unable to forget the past, followed her old tactics toward her so-called "vassals," the Diet voted all that Ito asked, in supplies for the war, by acclamation. Accepting in 1895 the results imposed upon Japan by allied Germany, France and Russia, Ito, who had anticipated the European movement, seeing in the action of France and Germany only a repetition of old-time offences, foresaw clearly the coming struggle with Russia. He now bent his energies to perfecting codes of law and getting the nation worthy to be ready for its fast-approaching recognition by the world of Japan's full sovereignty, in which movement Great Britain was to lead. The logical result of Sir Harry Parkes's initiative of 1868, in first recognizing the Mikado's government, and of the thirty years' tireless persistence of Ito was the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

The Boxer uprising at once emboldened Russia to walk into a trap and gave Japan an invaluable military experience. When the Muscovite broke his promises to evacuate Manchuria and invaded Korea, both with soldiers and financial exploiting operations, while delaying and postponing all explanations, in the face of Japanese protests, then the war shadow of a hundred years turned to reality. When Japanese war science and valor had humbled the Tsar and his hosts, it was Ito's moderation that

was the dominant factor securing peace. Ito knew too well the bad crops and the weak finances at home, and that with improved Russian facilities of transportation and an army reinforced and larger than ever, the time to stop had come. Knowing his people and the military, he foresaw the storm of wrath would burst at home when the news from Portsmouth should come. Three hundred thousand young conscripts had not yet fired a shot. The newspapers and the masses expected a heavy indemnity. It is morally certain that Ito and the wise men of Japan did not.

The crowning act of service for an old man, suffering not a little from angina pectoris and burdened with years and toil, was the work of regenerating a country, one of the worst governed on the face of the earth and with but half its arable soil cultivated. A population of less than eight million lived in chronic poverty, varied by insurrection, for a small body of noblemen landlords sucked the vitality of the nation. No system of public education or justice, worthy of the name, existed. All the reports of long dwellers, missionaries, diplomatists, merchants, and the native books, caricatures and literature, tell one and the same story. The personal loveliness of the individual Korean is unquestioned. The refinement and scholarship of the few are undoubted. Cho-sen's ancient glories are patent to the scholar. Yet after centuries of oppression there is a lack of moral stamina. Whatever may have been the necessities, or the blunders of the military, Ito in Korea ever stood as the enemy of the rascally Japanese, held in check the soldiers and strove night and day to give the native people justice, education and uplift. In a word, he tried to do for Korea what he had done for Japan—to help and to protect the evolution of the Korean into a modern man. His one insistence was for a protectorate and not annexation. He met his death while on his way to confer with Russia's representative in regard to vital and intricate questions in Manchuria, but with a supreme desire for the world's peace and the welfare not only of his own, but of other nations.

Ito's work is done. Whatever his limitations, his life stands in history for the uplift of man. He was more than a Japanese. He belonged to the world's brotherhood, and humanity is poorer without him.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.